

Camping Out The Storm

By Kevin Watts

The soft rocks lined
The riverbank
 Where I set up camp.
The clouds
Become dark overhead.

Silence.
 And then
Wind whistle through the tree;
Water splashes against the bank
Strong tree branches,
Flimsy

The air
 Heavy
The sun
 Disappears

Drips—rain falls
Faster and stronger
 Thunder
Lightning—flashes every second

I sat
 In the tent
Waiting
For what felt like—hours

Suddenly
 Calm
The sound of thunder
Turned into birds chirping
The bricks of rain against the tent
Gone

The war-like sounds have passed

The wind slept once more
 I'm spared—